



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**WHAT ABOUT THIS OUTFALL
SEWER SURVEY PETITION?**

Although the Carmel Sanitary Board will this evening spend some of its time considering and discussing the petition, signed by 216 residents of the sanitary district, asking for a survey of the ocean bottom off Carmel for outfall sewer possibilities, it will in our opinion merely be wasting its time.

In the first place, storm conditions and a flooded Carmel river have clearly demonstrated the absolute unfeasibility of pouring untreated sewage into the ocean off Carmel beach. The beach for the past week has been littered with stumps and brush which the river has gathered from its banks, far up the valley, carried out to sea, around Carmel Point and back onto Carmel's ocean shore. It would do this at any similar flood period at sewage poured out into the ocean within any distance less than half a mile.

But, we are told by those who listen to uninformed persons, the river flows only on top of the ocean and carries in on the beach only that which floats. Partly, but only partly, true. And you have to have a thing like that wholly true to make it stick as any kind of an argument. Actually, with the river coming down as it did continually for about six days just lately, it does go down deep for many hundreds of feet out. But even if it didn't, a great deal of the untreated sewage deposited at the bottom of the sea comes to the top and floats. If you don't believe that, go down and take a look at Los Angeles' "sewer sea" off the shore, or sail out into Monterey Bay and see that one. And whatever was floating within half a mile off the Carmel Beach this past two weeks, the Carmel river brought in and laid down on our sandy door.

In the second place, many of the 216 names on the "outfall survey" petition are of persons who were not at all definitely certain what they were signing. We have heard from some of those recently. The sanitary board has heard from others. Also the board has proved the lack of actual interest on the part of many of the signers, as evidenced by their apathy. Questionnaires were sent to all signers. They were asked to tell how well acquainted they were with the reports of competent engineers in the matter; how well-informed they were about the relative efficiency of land disposal plants and outfall systems. The replies received by the board have been almost negligible in comparison with the number of signers on the petition. This demonstrates that the signatures were generally obtained from those who really were signing something the import of which they neither understood nor cared about.

The truth is that the petition was started and rolled along by a small group of what Woodrow Wilson would have called "a little group of wilful men." They have a record for opposing every public improvement. They consistently are on the opposing side. They consistently will remain so.

As an answer to some of them, Bernard Rowntree, secretary of the sanitary board, who has been on the receiving end of much of our editorial censure in the past, hand-

(Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL CYMBAL

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - FEBRUARY 18, 1938

5 CENTS

Council's Wild Spending Puts City In Financial Hole for Rest of Year

RAIN IN PAST WEEK IS 3½ INCHES; YET WE'RE SHY

Well, it rained just 3½ inches since Thursday of last week.

It did most of it on Friday and Saturday; 1.52 inches on Friday and 1.03 inches on Saturday.

Then Sunday it merely threatened to rain, but on Monday it came down to the extent of .84 of an inch. With .11 of an inch on Tuesday, and none since, the total is 3½ inches for the week.

This brings the total for the season to 16.51 inches against 18.08 inches to the same date last season.

That looks as though we wouldn't have to do much swimming to catch up, but we will. The fact is, as declared by Dr. D. T. MacDougal on his word of honor, if that's worth anything, that last season, from stem to stern, the rainfall was 28.60.

Suffering catfish! If we've got to do 12 inches more before the end of the season, we're drowned! But it was a record season last year, they tell us.

WAS IT YOU? Number 10

You weren't a very large person, but we couldn't guess your age because we aren't very good at guessing ages, but you must have been in the seventh grade. You were coming up from school at two minutes past noon yesterday and you strode along as though you had a purpose in life. So, when you came by THE CYMBAL office we decided to follow you. You walked so fast that we could hardly keep up with you but we did keep you in sight. You had your hands crossed behind your back and you smiled a greeting to two of your friends who rode by on bicycles. When you got to Ocean avenue you cut through the Standard Oil station and went on up Ocean until you came to a real estate office. As you were entering you nearly bumped into a woman who was coming out and you said "Oh!" We didn't wait to see what you did next, but you were wearing brown shoes, white short socks, brown culottes, and a sort of orange-colored sweater. Your hair, which came to your shoulders, was brown and curly and was tied back with a ribbon.

If you were this person, bring this paper into the CYMBAL office and we will give you a shiny new dollar or whatever we have in the dollar line.

George Seidenack came in and claimed his dollar last week.

Mrs. Camille Hall, from San Francisco, spent the week-end here visiting Mrs. Margery Bare. Mrs. Hall plans to return in two weeks to stay permanently.

Calm After Storm

Is this the land the storm in frenzied glee
Bestrewed with trees flung crashing to the ground?
Where the wild sky that terrified the sea
Hurled on the hills its rage with violent sound?
Where creatures limited of strength and power
Crept low in fear throughout the howling night
And longed, since prayer was hopeless, for that hour
Wherein the gale would cease its mad delight.
Now morning lights the unremembering pines
With flames as still as altar candles bear,
And peace unshaken through the pure day shines
Serene as woodland lilies and as fair.
On delicate wing the butterfly and bird
Sail motionless, and not a leaf is stirred.

—DORA HAGEMEYER

Legion Fashion Show in Offing

Plans are under way for the spring fashion show of the American Legion Auxiliary to be given February 26 at the Legion Hall. The Carmel shops are cooperating and will show the latest spring clothes, to be modeled on local girls among whom are Betty Rae Sutton, Adrienne Lillico, Marguerite Tickler, Sally McGroarty, Bernice Riley, Maxine Burhans, Helen Sears and Betty Jane Seabury, from the Presidio. Eleanor Irwin is in charge.

Charlie Van Riper with some of the Carmel workshop players will put on a fantasy of 1948 in one act entitled "What Next?" and written by Verne Regan and Frances Hudgins, especially for the fashion show. The cast is a secret, but it will be directed by Mollie Darling of the Players.

HELEN NEWMARK TO WED RODERICK WILSON

The engagement of Helen Marie Newmark to Roderick Wilson was announced in Berkeley Saturday. Miss Newmark, who has lived in Carmel for many years, is the daughter of Mrs. Josephine Newmark who is now living in Berkeley. She is a graduate of Sunset School, Palo Alto High School and attended the University of California. She was the secretary at Sunset School for a year prior to taking a position in San Francisco. Wilson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Roland Wilson. His father is the state park warden of Point Lobos State Park. No definite plans have yet been made for the wedding.

BAILEY HATTON FIELDS HOME TRADED FOR CLOUGH RANCH

Philip Wilson, Jr., announces that he has negotiated the trade of the Harry Bailey property in Hatton Fields, now occupied by the John Greenan family, for the Dewey Clough Carmel Valley estate of 28 acres.

While the Bailey property is one of the most attractive in Hatton Fields, the Clough ranch is actually a glorified estate, Dewey having been working for the past two years on extensive improvements which include a large swimming pool. The property borders a long stretch of the Carmel River.

Aid For Forest Theater Moved

Plans for raising money for the reconstruction of the Forest Theater were the main topics of discussion at the meeting of the Carmel Merchants' committee last Friday night. Captain J. Shelburn Robinson was chairman for the evening.

An attempt will be made to raise funds toward the \$2800 needed for the reconstruction. Then the city will be asked to appropriate the same amount. The first fund raising plan is a card party to be given March 17. It is reasonably sure that it will be held at the Mission Ranch Club, and refreshments will be served.

DR. FRANCIS LLOYD GIVES FREE TALK ON PLANTS TODAY AT CARMEL THEATRE

At 2:30 o'clock this afternoon, at Carmel Theatre, Dr. C. B. Van Niel, professor of microbiology, stationed at the Stanford Marine Laboratory at Pacific Grove, will introduce to a Carmel audience Dr. Francis E. Lloyd, professor emeritus of botany of McGill University, Montreal. Dr. Lloyd, who now makes his home in Carmel, will talk on "Carnivorous Plants of the World," showing motion pictures and stereopticon slides in illustration.

The lecture, which was given in a small part at Sunset School recently and entranced the pupils, is free to the public, and children are especially invited. O. W. Barderson of Sunset has made it possible for pupils who are interested to attend the lecture.

It is something that really shouldn't be missed.

DICK AND SALLY BOKE FLY TO WASHINGTON

Richard Boke picked himself up off the territory of Albuquerque this last week and, together with Sally, took the air for Washington. Dick, who is something or other big in the government's soil erosion department, flies on federal business and the government pays his way. But Sally goes for nothing. It's the United Airways clever advertising idea for getting wives so air-minded they won't put a damper on husbands wanting to fly. Nice for Sally—if she gets to like it.

\$21,000 TOTAL ON HAND NOT ENOUGH FOR 11 MONTHS

Carmel looks very much as though it were riding to a financial fall.

Whoever may be considering moving in on the seats now held by Councilmen Thoburn, Rowntree and Burge may have the privilege of guiding a sinking financial ship for the next few years.

The truth is that municipally the city of Carmel is pretty well bankrupt. Or, to be perfectly accurate, is heading rapidly toward bankruptcy with what succor may now be seen on the dim horizon not nearly sufficient to save the ship.

There was in the city treasury as of a week ago last Wednesday night, when all claims were allowed to date, the sum total of \$21,000 in even figures. We intend in this little bit of information to deal only in even figures, the cents not meaning much one way or the other, or the odd dollars.

We have, as aforesaid, the sum of \$21,000 in the city treasury.

We have 11 months to go before the next taxes start to roll in.

In the meantime we have in the manner of succor about \$3,000 to come from business licenses, about \$1,500 from the state for motor vehicle taxes, about \$2,200 from the state for liquor licenses, and \$700 from our garbage collector.

This gives us a total of about \$28,000 to run us 11 months.

That sounds all right. That's about \$2,500 a month. What's the matter with that?

This is what is the matter with it. The present city council, affected somewhat as is a perfectly good marine let loose for a day or two in Shanghai, has been shooting holes in the treasury to the tune of about \$4,000 a month for the past year. In fact, \$4,000 a monthly crack means nothing to these four men and one woman who run our city government and o.k. checks on the city treasury. It's a mere bagatelle. It's got to be a habit. It looks as though it will go on this way.

Of course, the tennis courts, and the extra cost of the firehouse above all estimates, make up about \$4,500 of the total extracted from the treasury over the past year. But if you spread that \$4,500 over 12 months you get less than \$400 a month to account for the big monthly discharge of city funds. That wouldn't make up the difference, even if that amount were eliminated over the next 11 months.

Then, you might say the audit was costly. We will audibly say it was! The damages there amounted to \$4,062.50 up until New Year's Eve last, and that doesn't take into account the nifty little \$100 Billy Hudson got himself for his investigation of the audit at last week's meeting of the council. Nor does it include the \$198 for books the auditors ordered and

(Continued on Page Seven)

(Continued from Page One)

ed out a good stiff jolt in his letter in the Peninsula Herald last week. He told them something about this criticism of theirs of the efficiency and reputation of the sanitary engineers employed by the board.

Then he took up a nice point of political economy which we take pleasure in quoting:

"In the second place, the representatives of the group showed their lack of understanding of a democracy by asking that the voters be given the opportunity to decide how the problem shall be solved, when the duty and function of the public is only to signify the result they want.

"The public is not informed or experienced in many matters and therefore is not competent to express an opinion as to how many public problems should be solved, any more than it is competent to tell the water, gas, electric light or telephone companies how to operate their businesses, but it is the function of the public to signify the result it wants.

"In this particular case, the Board; even those members who have served the community for years; do not pose as sanitary experts or engineers but have rightly carried out the provisions of the act under which the district is functioning and have hired the best obtainable sanitary engineers for advice, and convinced that the engineers are fully qualified, I don't see that the Board has any other course to pursue than to carry out the engineers' recommendations."

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THIS KIND OF CHARITY SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME

Two or three weeks ago Colderman addressed a letter to the city council which read as follows:

"If the approach to Carmel from the top of Ocean avenue to Junipero street were landscaped and planted with a row of redwood or other coniferous trees on each side of the street, and possibly widened a little, the town would have one of the most unusual and spectacular entrances of any city in the State. With the town at the bottom of the steep grade and the ocean in the background, if well landscaped, it would be an asset to every resident and visitor.

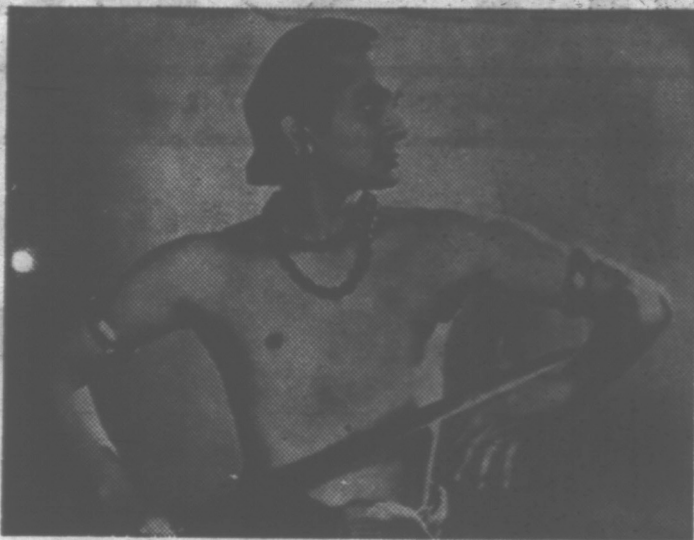
"Before it is too late it is hoped that you can consider the matter."

At the same time we received a note from Colderman containing this paragraph:

"It seems to me that there are very few towns that have the chance to make a really dramatic and interesting avenue of approach, as has Carmel. Even now it is scenic but if well graded off the street on each side and planted with a row of tall, green cypress trees or redwood (particularly appropriate) or any shapely evergreen, it could be made noteworthy. The work should not be expensive, a little could be done from time to time, but it is essential that a plan should be drawn up and a start made."

We were impressed at the time and filed the correspondence for early reference. During the past two weeks, the mind of the public has been concerned principally with the question: Will the sun ever shine again for any period longer than sixteen minutes? Calling attention to a proposal for beautifying the entrance to the city would have gotten little more than a damp reception during the recent fortnight. But now that we have been assured by the forecaster of reasonably fair weather, and what with the implication to this effect as provided by the past two or three days, we would set our edi-

Shan-Kar and Hindu Ballet Will Be Greeted By Full House Tomorrow



A capacity audience will fill Sunset Auditorium tomorrow evening when Uday Shan-Kar and his Hindu Ballet will be presented by the Carmel Music Society.

Intricately bound up with mythology, the Hindu dance has behind it thousands of years from which it creates a language of movement and gesture unlike that of any other culture.

The dance is not only fluid movement of torso and limbs but it also embraces numerous hand gestures as well as the symbolic expressions of the eyes, lips, eyebrows and neck. For instance, the hands in a circle denote love; the forefinger clenched with the thumb in the palm signifies the God of Love, the joined palms express welcome, and so on.

While the mudras, or hand gestures, show exact meaning, emotion is chiefly expressed by the head and eyes. Thus the eyes quickly raised, straight staring, indicate astonishment; the glance coming from a corner of the eye means a secret purpose. A side-to-side swaying motion of the head is characteristic of Indian dancing. Its connotations are traditionally given as: beginning of

affection, making trial, saying "Well done!"

In India, not only is the dance of divine origin, but music, too, is a rhythmic ritual devised centuries ago by worshippers of Shiva, Brahma and Vishnu, who comprise the Trinity. It is a music filled with strange half-tones and exotic variations in phrasing, in rhythm and in counterpoint.

At times there are five elements of rhythm moving at once, each with a separate pattern, yet intricately related to each of the others. Against this is played a raga, which is at once a scale and a theme from which a whole composition is evolved. The ragas are very old, and there are many of them with variations according to locality. Each has its significant intervals, phrasing and mood, and each belongs to a given season and hour and may not be played at any other time.

Against this musical background, Shan-Kar and his troupe weave their patterns of ageless ritual, articulated with a superb finesse to every shade and accent of the music which accompanies it.

torial consideration to work on Colderman's idea.

In the first place we think the idea is good, ignoring, of course, what the council may think about it, and ignoring also, which is more to the point, the present state of the municipal treasury and, also, the treasury outlook for the immediate future. The idea is good. Ocean avenue hill could be beautified far beyond the rugged, natural loveliness it now possesses, or would possess if the street department could find time to travel up and down it and clear the accumulating debris from its borders.

We are not looking at the proposal in just the way Colderman implies that he is, however. We are not so interested in the approach to Carmel being "dramatic and interesting" to the approacher. We are most emphatically interested in making it dramatic and interesting for us down here looking and traveling out. In other words, we think the Ocean avenue hill could be so improved by natural growth of trees and shrubbery to make it a lovely picture for us looking up at it.

At the foot of Ocean avenue Mayor Smith has shown what can be done in the creation of lovely pictures. Right now, although you may be impressed with the broad view of the ocean he has opened up, you may think he has left the trees in the foreground a bit nude-appearing. But within another six months, they will not look so nude, and the general effect will be swell—to us.

And it is for us that we are willing to give what editorial assistance we can to Colderman's idea for the Ocean avenue hill to the east. His

Meet Adenoid And Malaria

Over and above Ocean avenue, back and forth, with perhaps business on one side, home and fireside on the other. Thus is Adenoid.

We were working well at our coffee dissipation in the Carmel Dairy. Mary, or Pearl, or Margaret (maybe Desdemona) had presented the cream, when we first saw him about three weeks ago. He was traveling south at the time, from the city park to the vacant Murphy corner at Junipero. He went blithely, gaily, confidently, his grey-plush tail perpendicular—not picking his way, but scampering it. Thus was Adenoid when first we met. Thus was he a day or two later. Again a week ago we saw him, and always going south, from the city park to the vacant Murphy corner at Junipero. Traveling the highway erected for him by the Pacific Gas and Electric company—the big power cable high above the street.

Then, only yesterday, while Mary, or Pearl, or Margaret were fetching the cream, we saw him again, but this time there trailed him another, with not-so-plush a tail, not so perpendicular. That, we surmised, was Malaria, his spouse.

We haven't yet been able to determine on which side, up a pine, are the home and the fireside. But Adenoid knows the one, and can't forget it if he is to live, and Malaria knows the other and can't forget it if she is to love.

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PROFESSIONAL GARDENERS FORM ROUNDTABLE

Professional Gardeners' Roundtable is the new name for the recently-organized Peninsula Gardeners' Association. It will meet this next Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the Carmel Girl Scout house, and on each second and fourth Tuesday of the month thereafter. Dean Robertson of Monterey is the president and E. F. (Plant-smith) Smith of Carmel, the corresponding secretary.

idea is good—from our point of view. A fig for the incoming outsider. Generally speaking, we aren't so all-fired excited about impressing him, either well or ill.

—W. K. B.

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CARMEL RAISED \$117 FOR PARALYSIS SUFFERERS

If you want to know, Carmel's contribution to the President's Birthday Infantile Paralysis Fund topped Monterey's by exactly 99 cents.

This is according to P. J. Dougherty of Monterey, Monterey County chairman for the fund. Dougherty lists receipts from Carmel's event for the fund as \$117 and Monterey's as \$116.01. But, of course, we suppose we have to give Monterey credit for the receipts at the Presidio of Monterey and those reached the handsome total of \$239.75. Pacific Grove raised \$139.39 and Hotel Del Monte, \$94.50. Then there were the Monterey schools with a total of \$207.74. The grand total for the county was \$2,076.41.

J. Shelburn Robison was chairman of the Carmel committee which staged the President's Birthday event at the American Legion clubhouse.

EL FUMADOR MAGAZINES NEWSPAPERS

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THIS SMACKS OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS IN CARMEL

An amusing, we might say, touching connecting link with the old Carmel days of the milk shrines and the friendly community that once was ours, are two notes found in milk bottles by Carmel Dairy drivers last week. One reads: "One doz. eggs; 1 qt. milk, and isn't this terrible weather?" The other, lying snugly beside the milk ticket, just simply says: "Wish I could change the weather for you." Earl Graft has put them safely away in his archives.

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STANFORD CHAPLAIN TO TALK AT ALL SAINTS' SUNDAY

At All Saints' Church this Sunday, Dr. D. Charles Gardner, chaplain emeritus of Stanford University, will be the guest preacher. The vested choir will render the music.

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Cerwin Is Back From Busman's Holiday

Maybe, after all, you have never heard of a busman's holiday. We thought we had. But not really. Not until we heard Herb Cerwin tell about his. About spending Christmas and New Year's Eves at the Del Monte—in Shanghai.

It was all about how once upon a time a bellhop over the hill had such a winning way that he won himself a night spot in what seems to us like a tight spot just now for a hot spot. And named it Del Monte. Herb and Spike were there on the aforementioned holidays, when the 11 o'clock curfew was relaxed, but we forgot to ask if it got quite rested. Herb says it's a regular taxi-dance joint, with White Russian entertainers and ham and eggs for breakfast.

There's also the Lido where a few of the girls make as much as \$6-7000 a month, but Herb didn't know whether that came under war profiteering or not, and he being a happily married man we couldn't very well inquire as to whether any woman—even a white Russian with a long slit in her skirt and willing to sit and sip tea with you during the most relaxed curfew was worth leaping this tariff barrier for.

Shanghai to Hong Kong to Canton to Macao to Yokohama to Kobe to Del Monte. And back again, if Herb has his way. He liked the odd Portuguese town of Macao and going up the Pearl River.

Asked if the war seemed pretty close he said not at all; oh, of course it bombed every now and then but what of it? And sirens blew. And there was that horrible concentration camp for refugees where rot and starvation abounded and imminent attack by pirates, but really a very peaceful journey withal, netting them some 500-odd pictures. They did a series about a rickshaw coolie. The poor fellow was so destitute they had to borrow a rice bowl for him to pose in. We are still wondering what he uses when he isn't the object of curiosity of a couple of American cameramen.

The Japanese were polite as usual, not making Spike's seven cameras a subject for discussion. It's possible they were busy improving the Chinese.

—L. S.

"PLANTSMITH" RETURNS FROM PEST CONTROL MEETING WITH NEW AMMUNITION

E. F. Smith, who uses the very apt trade name, "Plantsmith," commercially, has returned from the two-day annual convention of the California Pest Control Association at Santa Barbara. Because we think of plants when we think of Smith, we had the idea that the association has to do with plant pests, but 'tis not so. Smith explained that the organization is devoted solely to the business of warring against building pests, the most prominent among which is the persistent termite.

Smith commented on the fact that in these modern days men with a common pursuit are not so cagey as they once were in the matter of their private efforts and private successes. They talk openly about them and trade ideas and facts. Our "Plantsmith" says that as a result, he thinks he's gained a yard or two on the termites and immediately on his return from the south he started in to prove it. The casualties among Carmel's termites are going up.

THINGS TO COME



MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Lee Tracy and Joan Woodbury in "Crashing Hollywood" and Douglas Montgomery and Jean Parker in "Life Begins with Love." Saturday, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" and Joe E. Brown and Helen Mack in "Fit for a King." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Sylvia Sydney and Joel McCrea in "Dead End." Wednesday and Thursday, George Arliss in "Doctor Syn" and Anna May Wong and Charles Bickford in "Daughter of Shanghai." Also 10-Win Wednesday. Friday, Humphrey Bogart and Frank McHugh in "Swing Your Lady." Also Plymouth Night.

BALLET

The Carmel Music Society presents the second program of their Winter Series Saturday night, Feb. 19, at 8:30 at Sunset Auditorium. Shan-Kar and his Hindu Ballet. Tickets are on sale at Thoburns, Carmel 62, or call Mrs. Paul Flanders, Carmel 22.

PISTOL CLUB

Carmel Pistol Club meets every second Tuesday in month in basement of P.G. & E. building on Dolores at 8:30 p.m.

DRAMA WORKSHOP

Sunday and Friday at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Acting expression and technique. Dan James in charge.

Monday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Shakespeare, streamlined and cut for production. Chick McCarthy in charge.

Tuesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Play writing and original manuscripts under Charlie Van Riper.

Wednesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Costume designing. Eleanor Irwin in charge. Lighting under Kay Knudsen and backstage construction under B. Franklin Dixon.

Thursday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Radio Workshop with John Eaton in charge.

Please use Monte Verde entrance to all Workshop meetings at Pine Inn.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzi's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

day at 2:30. "The Witch's Enchantment" is the fascinating play for this week.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

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A convenient way to renew your subscription to The Cymbal is to drop into the office of the Carmel Investment Company (Barnet Segal) almost next to the post office and do it.

Peninsula Mothers' Association Formed; Mrs. Millard Klein To Direct Nursery School

Peninsula Mothers' Association was officially organized Tuesday afternoon of this week when 12 members of the executive and advisory committee met at the Carmel Community Church and selected Mrs. Millard Klein of Carmel director of the proposed nursery school, and Mrs. Homer E. Martine of Pacific Grove, school nurse.

It is now planned to open the nursery school in Carmel March 7, but the committee has not yet made definite selection of the location. It is expected that nearly a score of children, from the infant age to five years old, will enter the school on its initial opening. More than 12 mothers have already signified their intention of entering their children.

The name of the organization was broadened because it was found that several mothers in Monterey and Pacific Grove are interested in the plan. At present they will send their children to the nursery school in Carmel, but it is hoped, as the movement grows, to establish nursery branches on the other side of the hill.

Mrs. Klein takes charge of the school with a record of training and experience which assures the organization of her successful direction

of this most important phase of the mothers' movement. She has her A.B. from the University of California in psychology and philosophy and in 1926 and 1927 took the Child Training Course for Mothers under Dr. Herbert C. Stolz who is now head of the Rockefeller Foundation for Child Training at the university. She assisted in forming a cooperative nursery school in Berkeley. She has done much Girl Scout work, her Carmel troop receiving the peninsula banner for proficiency. She has three children and is at present corresponding secretary of the Sunset Parent-Teachers' Association and has been on its executive board for four years.

Mrs. Martine is a graduate of Hollywood Hospital and a California registered nurse. She took post-graduate courses at Redhill Hospital, London, and the University of California Hospital. She is the mother of a three-year-old child.

Mrs. Ernest Bixler was named by the committee Tuesday as permanent chairman of the location and equipment committee.

Further information about the organization and its plans may be obtained by calling Mrs. Lennart Palme, secretary, telephone Carmel 1193.

and still continues to use that phase of the dance.

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin will be presented at the opera house Tuesday evening, June 21, in a sonata recital. Tickets are already rapidly disappearing for this event.

'Other Village' Offers Much On Stage

Making us turn slightly green with envy, we see that there are lots of interesting things going on in the Other Village which shouldn't be missed.

The Hackett Players Guild, directed by Eya Smith Hackett, will present, Saturday evening, February 26, at the Community Playhouse in San Francisco, "Lola Montez," a play by Frederick Stuart Smith.

Sunday afternoon and evening, February 27, Trudi Schoop and her comic ballet in an all new program will be at the Curran Theatre. The new full-length tragedy-comedy is entitled "All for Love" and is in seven adventurous episodes. This will be the Swiss comedienne's third annual visit to San Francisco.

Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman and their dance group, in their first transcontinental tour as a company, will be at the Curran Theatre Sunday afternoon, March 13. Miss Humphrey was the first person to introduce a music-less dance

Kohler Named Golf Pro at Del Monte

Leo Kohler, Hollywood, assistant to Miss Elizabeth Ryan, has been appointed new tennis pro at Del Monte, Carl S. Stanley, manager, announces.

Kohler met Miss Ryan while in Hollywood, acting in motion pictures, played tennis with her, and soon forsook the movies to become her assistant in teaching. He has been her partner in mixed doubles during recent southern California tournaments.

Before coming to Del Monte he assisted Miss Ryan as pro at some of Southern California's most fashionable resort hotels, among them the Chateau Elysee, the Garden of Allah, La Ronda and the Sunset Plaza.

Among his pupils have been Walter Huston, Barbara O'Neil, who owns a house and is well known in Carmel, Sally O'Neil, Jimmy Ritz of the Ritz Brothers, Producer Roland Young and Songwriter Harry Cohen.

Kohler will stay at Del Monte for an indefinite period and will assist Miss Ryan when she returns this summer.

Here's an Adventure!

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You Will Find Sukiyaki Delicious
AZUMA-TEI Japanese Restaurant
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Damp Wash

4c lb.

12½ lbs. for 50¢. Comes back to you clean and sweet, ready for ironing. You don't have to hang it out to dry.

Semi-Finish

10c lb.

Minimum bundle \$1.00. Everything ironed flat on our Asher Ironer. An economical service for the woman who likes to touch up the garments at home.

Thrifty Service

6c lb.

Plus 1 cent for each handkerchief.
10 lbs. for 60¢. Wearing apparel returned damp, ready to iron. All plain flat work—sheets, slips, towels, table linen—is ironed. Must have 12 pieces of wearing apparel.

All Finish

The cost of this service is based on each individual piece. Buttons sewed on and minor repairs free.

Dry Wash

7c lb.

Plus 1 cent for each handkerchief.
Minimum bundle 70¢. All wearing apparel is washed and returned dry—ready for ironing. All plain flat work—sheets, slips, towels, table linen—is ironed ready for use.

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The Carmel Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

You better mind yer master an'
Yer mistress fond and dear,
An' stay home like they tell you,
So's you always'll be near,
An' tho you have to wear a leash
Don't grumble, sulk, or pout,
Er the Pound-man'll git you

Ef you

DON'T

WATCH

OUT!

+

So cautious Maikai Gonser who
spent the week-end as a guest of
the County. It seems Maikai is an
old-timer and is used to the free-
dom of the village. He didn't take
the rabies quarantine seriously, and
went out by himself to pay his daily
morning call on his friend down the
street. But the dog-catcher takes
the quarantine very seriously, so
when he saw Maikai walking up
the road, by himself and not on a
leash, he picked him up and took
him over to Monterey to the pound,
where Maikai was finally redeemed
by his family.

Maikai wants to warn all of his
friends to go out only on a leash,
whether they have licenses or not,
or they, too, might be picked up.
And, incidentally, he saw several
familiar faces over there, so if Ro-
ver didn't come home last night,
try the pound, he might be there—
and you had better get him out be-
fore it is too late.

+

Because of the recent wet weath-
er and the quarantine, most of the
social affairs of the canine set have
been cancelled. In fact, it has be-
come the "smart" thing to do to
stay at home and play checkers, or
pull taffy, or practice parlor tricks.
Skippy Terry is teaching his son,
Teddy, to play chess. The latest
detective fiction is chilling the spine
of Jerry Heffing. Buck (Casanova)
Lawrence is writing his "memoirs."
Rehearsing a new aria is taking all
of Judy Vanderlip's time. Michael
Moore is making a scrap-book. Pat-
ty Henderson is knitting sweaters
for the neighbor's children. Playing
anagrams is Snippy Curtin's pas-

THIS THING AND THAT

OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING AT ALL WHILE
SQUANDERING TIME ON MONTEREY WHARF

Sleek and hairless is the fish;
He never sees the barber.
He spends the hours when man must shave
A-swimming in our harbor.

+ + +

What fun to be a bivalve
And say your little say,
Then shut up tight with all your might
And hide yourself away.

+ + +

Wily brown net, your
Interstices are small.
I wish I were a silver fish
Enmeshed within your haul.
I'd not repine, I'd not resign
My fishy life to you.

No such thing, you hunk of string!
I'd wiggle-waggle through.

+ + +

Toil and striving, hence!
You give me less for recompense
In peace of mind and glee of sense
Than sinful happy indolence.

—EDITH FRISBIE

New Williams' Restaurant Now Ready

Williams' new restaurant actual-
ly does open tomorrow.

The planned opening for last
Saturday ran up against a great dis-
appointment in the delay of neces-
sary equipment to arrive. But it
has arrived now and is installed and
Jimmie Williams says Carmel's
newest restaurant, in Carmel's old-
est restaurant location, will begin
life officially tomorrow, epic and
span.

Williams is not just giving Car-
mel another restaurant but an un-
usually good place to eat, according
to his announcement. He has im-
ported a crackerjack chef from San
Francisco in the person of Jay
Waterbury and Jay will run the kit-
chen along with no less an adept
than Bill Bishop.

Tomorrow, on opening day, the
public will get a welcome gift of a
brick of ice cream with every brick
it buys, and the special \$1 opening
dinner will be served for those who
should happen to want that much
to eat.

One of the features of the new
restaurant, and one in which Jim-
mie takes particular pride, is the
latest sterilizing process for all dish-
es, silverware and kitchen utensils,

pots and pans. This is the very last
word in restaurant cleanliness, Wil-
iams says.

+ + +

LA COLLECTA HEARS PARTS OF "THIS AWFUL AGE"

Miss Flora Gifford was the hos-
tess for La Collecta Club Wednes-
day afternoon at the home of Mrs.
William Chappell. Mrs. C. S. Has-
kell read excerpts from the book,
"This Awful Age," by Ryerson and
Clements. The birthdays of Mrs.
John Albee, Mrs. Cora Newton,
Mrs. William Chappell, Mrs. My-
ra Ricketson and Mrs. Andrew Ses-
sink were celebrated. The next
meeting will be at the home of Mr.
I. C. Gansel on March 2.

Play Golf!

... on the course over-
looking Monterey Bay



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Candy Specials 40-cents a pound and up

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A De Luxe Dinner • One Dollar

Seven Courses

11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.

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Lunches 35 c • Dinners (week-days) 50c and 60c

time. Michael Ware is learning
some new Western songs to take
back to Nevada. Bounce Koepp,
looking pale and interesting after
her recent illness, is composing love
lyrics. Even Pal has found a friend-
ly fireside where he dreams of his
youth.

Speaking of Pal, have you seen
his brush that is hanging on the
doorway of the Greyhound depot
on Ocean and Dolores? It is a very
nice, large, stiff brush and above
the hook on which it hangs is a sign
that reads:

"Use this brush
For scratching Pal's
Back. Carmel's Dog."
Pal certainly has a lot of friends.

+

Frau Minnie Van den Bergh is
crooning lullabies these days to her
five wee babies—four little girls
and a little boy. Minnie presented
the "Quints" to her master and mis-
tress, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van
den Bergh, last Saturday. This is
Minnie's first family and she is ex-
ceedingly proud of her children,
who she claims are quite the most
perfect in Carmel—or, for that
matter, anywhere.

Congratulations, Minnie!

+ + +

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

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AT PINE INN

benefit of

Carmel Mission

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25 Excellent
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Refreshments

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Thursday
February 24

8:00 p.m.

Admission 50¢

CLANGING CYMBALS



Dear Dad:

Your letter asking about my visit to Coronado came in the very nick of time. I had been stretching my old gizzard over a chit for the column which didn't seem to be coming out right, so I'll abandon it for this week and kill two birds—you and the CYMBAL, and what birds!—with one clatter of the writing machine. (Oh, yes, I do write with my gizzard—all newspaper people are gizzardy.)

Going under a big cement arch that says "Coronado and Old Mexico," you leave San Diego and enter a sprightly little ferry boat that hies you in and out importantly among the ships of war at anchor in the bay. It was edge of evening when I came there and I was fortunate to get first place on the boat. As I shut off my engine and set the brake the first green-blue star showed in the east. All over the bay was the secret nictitation of the signal lights. On either side of us the little destroyers, six in each row and each row cuddling up against its Mother ship as much like six little pigs all fatly suckled and asleep as could be. When I looked again at the evening star it was gone. Then I saw that it had moved away down the heavens and was zooming down to land on North Island. I saw the sky full of evening stars, clusters of green and red coming home in threes like hungry Tauri to their hangars for the night. Shooting stars, you might say, for most of them were marked not only with a V—heavier than air—but with a T, which stands for Torpedo.

The roar of the planes continuously all day is much like the sound of New York City in reverse—that is a few hundred feet up instead of down. There is a carefully marked pause at dusk, but hardly has the silence circled once around the Island, than there is a great to-do and another contingent goes up. These are the Patrol Bombers—the V-Ps—so charming to look at as they stand preening themselves before their hangars in the sunlight or patiently having a shave and haircut at the hands of the machinists, or ride the sunpath like silver motes. It's hard to think that it was two of these pretty babies that ran head on into each other the other day, heedlessly tossing eleven lives away. Harder for us here in America, I think, to imagine that it's just such bright fragile-looking toys from the ten-cent-store, that are opening their guts and spilling them over the market places in China and in Spain, where the people are out for a little morning errand. And quite impossible for us to conjure up a picture of boys like Frank just touching a little gadget and releasing death incontinently. But in Coronado you don't think—nobody ever thinks at all.

At the moment—at least when I was there—the patrols were doing all night duty, following the Panay incident. Long monotonous nights in the dark. Frank says the boys sing to keep awake. They make the speeches to their wives that they should have made the night before when the beef was underdone or a new dress under discussion. That is, he says, unless they're just plain scared. And the thing they're afraid of is that they can't tell in the dark whether they're flying right-side-up or not.

Frank's squadron was grounded when I got there. The *Saratoga* has been expecting a new complement of planes—she carries about 75—for a long time. Ordered from the Douglas people in '34, they had just arrived in the early days of '38. It seems that commercial carriers, which are better pay, are given preference over orders from the Navy. On arrival it was discovered that nearly all these ships had faulty rudders. So the boys were waiting for the manufacturers to fix up this trifling item. The word "sabotage" was being bandied about freely, though of course there is no certainty of this. This stinking word is less well known in this country than in others and older. It takes more experience with human nature than America has yet had to get acquainted with such language. We'll have to learn mighty fast now!

A few nights after my arrival, Frank did night flying in his new buggy. The night tests are fun to watch, but it was the first time I had seen Frank fly and I got my first real savor of being a flier's sister. You arrive at the field and sit comfortably in your car while the planes warm up—it takes about 25 minutes. The mechanics trot about peering into their innards. The boys go into their lockers and get helmets and parachutes and then stand in a tight little group stamping their feet and clapping their hands together as if they were freezing. But they aren't. This is nervousness, like a doctor before an operation. They had never night-flown these particular crates and it's jittery business.

When the ships are wheeled out the low unearthly light on the field strikes up at them dramatically so that they look like stately chorus girls doing a step. The first one backs up a little, takes a running start and in a minute is high up and far off, the others following always in formations of three. When they are all up, the landing light is thrown on, covering an area only the size of the ship's flight deck and they must land within this.

They make a circle around and start down. Away off across the immense field is the signal officer. From where we sit he is only two large green electric arms, bodyless. He is very weird indeed, and one wishes to laugh at him. If the incoming plane is tilted to the left, he lowers his left arm. If it's coming in too close to the ground, he raises both arms straight in the air. If these defects are not corrected in time, he waggles both arms frantically crosswise, warning the pilot to climb and do it again. When everything is o.k. he holds his arms out horizontally as if to take the big tinsel ballerina right into them as she tiptoes with incredible soft grace to earth.

After a little time, you get to know your own pilot and when that happens it is not your eyes you follow him with but your heart—and that in your mouth. On Frank's first landing he ground-looped slightly—they all did—and not knowing that this was but natural with new planes and not dangerous, I experienced all the feelings of a crash. After that moment, Coronado became unbearable to me. After that, I understood a great many things. Among them, one reason why the Duchess of Windsor left North Island for a good substantial feet-on-his-desk lawyer.

Frank's other landings were per-

fect. When he climbed out of his boat and put his chute into the hands of a waiting seaman, he came back to the car white and tense, and then I realized that this is not a game to them at all, though they will never admit otherwise, but that every time they go up they share the stick with a grim and grimy companion whom they never forget, neither ever acknowledge.

In writing of the San Pedro disaster the other day, an editor I know blurbled somewhat about our stalwart heroes, making them sound like a lot of self-conscious braves, keen on the hazardous delights of winging the blue for God and Country—or something to that effect. Hell, they're much more heroic than that. Not one of them would wave a flag if he was paid to do it. (It doesn't seem as if they could be bugged into doing it by propaganda, but alas, one never knows.) Only one of the boys I met cares a tinker's dam about flying. They're just ordinary nice boys, many of whom got into the outfit for lack of other interesting jobs or because they thought at the time it would be exciting—the way youth gets into things. If you ask them about war they grin and say they would rather jump overboard. When they come down from the air at the end of the day, white and shaken and as casual as they can be, they kid their wives about the ten thousand in insurance coming to them in the event—. At night they go to the Station movie, which is almost invariably lousy, but tickets for which they can buy at eight for a quarter. They love their wives while the loving is good. They get drunk at the Club. They are very quiet.

But their wives make up for this. If those little girls got paid by the word, the U.S. Navy would have to go into permanent dry dock. Why, the new billion dollar appropriation would just about cover one of the fortnightly parties at the BOQ. But I have never found a better use for words—words just strung together—ceaseless syllables about clothes and babies and the other officers' wives. Under this jaunty patchwork covering, they also perform their daily heroisms.

There's much to say about this life which doesn't in the least seem real to me. There are, for instance, the ferry trips. Frank went to work one morning and was back again for his bag in a quarter hour. He was ferrying a ship across continent. Got to pick up a new one at Pensacola. Be right back.

Just now the whole Island is rocked by preparations for the annual Big Cruise, which makes off on the 14th of March. With its complement of 3,000 men—about the equivalent of the population of Carmel—and every propeller settled into place with a clean nose and handkerchief, and all those gold buttons and all those carrots and two million gallons of oil in her belly, the *Saratoga* will go marching as to war out into the triangle made by this coast, Hawaii and Alaska. 341 ships and their tenders, with the old *Utah* trudging along like an old dog as target, will take to sea, carrying 1900 airplanes and enough men to lay end to end all over the earth. But this is only a toy navy. Wait till the billion dollars is spent!

Meanwhile, our Frank will be dropping water-filled bombs at the *Utah* and playfully manoeuvring for a place in the sunpath where the enemy can't see him very well.

A few days after I arrived one of the squadrons left for Honolulu. Over the glassy surface of the bay that morning, where a path had been cleared for the big, heavily-laden amphibians to walk off into

the air, pearl pink bubbles floated. A group of wives and girl friends stood at the foremost edge of the pier or sat about on newly-arrived barrels of grey paint. They were decked out in their best, with their best faces on and their hands closed hard over their handkerchiefs. Lined up for the take-off, the innocent-looking winged heroes of the event rocked tenderly at anchor. There was a great extraneous bustle—bigwigs and silly-looking mikes and men. The water was too smooth—sometimes they have to stir it up by running boats along the shore to make waves—and the take-off difficult. When they swept into the air it was really pretty thrilling.

But the faces of the women are in my eyes yet. So carefully gotten up: so suddenly gone to pieces. One hard little blonde trying to weep; all the rest pretending not to weep. The tragical comedy of paint and powder. Powder and paint for the women: paint and powder for the United States Navy.

One day while I was there a young lieutenant—name him Jones—cut off the wrong switch to make his landing. Before he noticed it, he was too near the ground to rectify his mistake. At home that Saturday morning, his little brunette wife-of-a-year was vacuuming the living room rug. The skipper and his wife were coming to dinner. Young Mrs. Jones is proud of what she has done to her house on a Junior Grade Lieutenant's salary. She is pleased with the foreignness of the small trinkets from Hawaii and Tia Juana and the linen pieces her husband brought home from Big Cruise last year. When a car stops in front of her house—a Navy car with its blue license plate—she automatically reaches down and

turns off the switch and pulls at her apron strings. Now who can this be on Saturday morning?

But even before she sees the dress-uniform legs emerge from the automobile, she knows, somehow. One - two - three - four - five - six. Six dress uniform legs on Saturday morning, coming lugubriously up her walk. Glued to the floor, her life blood begins slowly flowing out of her—down, down through her body into some depth she has never known before. Long before the legs reach her porch steps, Lieutenant Jones' widow is drained of everything she has known henceforth as life. She stands there, listening to their awkward, forever-drawn-out stammerings. "We're terribly sorry to have to . . ."

What a hell of a way to do it!

Sure they're heroes. But who the devil wants to be a hero?

—LYNDA

MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEETS WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

The Carmel Missionary Society will meet at the Community Church at 2:30 p.m. February 22. Miss Gifford will speak on "An Airplane Tour over the Moslem World." Madame Sundra will answer questions on Turkey. Tea will be served.

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CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

SHAN-KAR AND HIS HINDU BALLET Tomorrow Feb. 19, 8:30

SUNSET AUDITORIUM

Post Season Ticket Membership \$7 or \$5 according to location. Single Seats \$3, \$2, \$1, 50c

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Dance!

TONIGHT AND TOMORROW

in Del Monte's BALI ROOM

+

Music by Freddie Nagel and his Orchestra

+

Friday Night is "BIG APPLE" NIGHT

Hotel Del Monte

COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

You've heard a good deal, via the editorial typewriter, about the engaging Michael and his new sizer, Patsy, always, via said editorial typewriter, spoken of as the children of one Gene Ricketts. It just so happens that Michael and Patsy have a mother also who might be given some of the credit for the charm of young Michael and tiny Patsy. The point I am getting to right now, however, is the fact that the mother of M. and P. makes a delicious "Sour Cream Devil's Food Cake," the recipe for which she has generously passed along to me and which I am now passing along to you: 2 cups pastry flour, 1 tsp. baking soda, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup heavy sour cream, 1 egg well beaten, 3 squares cooking chocolate melted (or cocoa if you prefer—the mother of M. and P. does), 3/4 cup milk, 1 tsp. vanilla. Sift flour 3 times with soda and salt. Beat sugar into sour cream. (You can get the cream at the McDonald Dairy for ten cents.) Add egg and chocolate. Add flour alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for 25 minutes. For those who like chocolate cake rich and dark this is right up their alley! Try it.

Having decided that while the year is yet young, this is as good a time as any to make a fresh start in various ways, I have begun my new private cookbook. My present old one is an appalling mess of untidily and irrelevantly collected recipes, most of which I have never even tried and which, for one reason and another, I am quite sure I shall never have use for. Passing blithely over the preposition I ended that sentence with—well, if there isn't another—I find only occasionally among the clippings from newspapers and magazines a dish that fits into the peculiar tastes and financial limitations of this family. So now, instead of indiscriminately gathering in everything I see because it looks good at first glance, or I happen to be hungry at the moment, I have started all over. Into my loose-leaf notebook go, as I have time to copy them, those recipes, and those only, which I have actually tried and found acceptable according to aforesaid limitations. I am going through the rest carefully and weeding out all the ones I think have any possibilities at all and making a list of them. On days when I have time to experiment I draw on this list for ideas. If the recipe turns out satisfactory it will be copied in my book of permanent, tried and true recipes. All I hope is that I have strength of will to carry out this highly laudable plan! . . . In going through my book I have come upon a number of recipes which I had forgotten all about, pleasant surprises, now as good as new discoveries. I am particularly glad to be reminded again of my "Club Indian Pudding" which is delicious for a cold, rainy day (what other kind have we had for the past few aeons!) and I can assure you from personal experience that it's much simpler and easier to make than the old-fashioned recipe which requires so many hours to bake.

This is it: 2 cups scalded milk, 2 1/2 tbsp. corn meal, 1/2 cup molasses, 2 tsp. butter, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon, 1/4 tsp. ginger, 1 egg well beaten, 1/2 cup cold milk. Add meal gradually, while stirring constantly, to scalded milk and cook in

double boiler 20 minutes. Add butter, molasses, seasoning and egg. Turn into buttered pudding dish and pour on cold milk. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven.

I've never noticed whether dates vary much in price at any particular season but I'm inclined to think they stay about the same. Anyhow, they're not really expensive and they add quite a bit of goodness to a number of recipes. I prefer the packages of tiny dates to those like the Dromedary brand and other larger ones. The small dates are delicious in taste and have no tough fibres to get rid of, although I'll admit they're stickier to handle. If you happen to have two egg whites left over here is a nice way to use them in a recipe that calls for dates, also. "Chocolate Candy Cookies" can be made very quickly—and they'll also be eaten very quickly—if you like chewy cookies as well as we do! Two egg whites; 1 cup sugar; 1 square melted chocolate; 1 cup dates, cut up; 1 cup nuts, chopped. Beat egg whites stiff and add sugar gradually as you beat. Add melted chocolate which has been allowed to cool slightly. Fold in nuts and dates and drop mixture from teaspoon onto cookie sheets. Bake in slow oven for 10 to 12 minutes. Wait till they're cool before removing from pan.

The problem of left-overs is one any housewife is liable to come up against, at least occasionally. Sometimes it's easy to decide what to do with the dabs of this and that you find in your cooler or refrigerator. I used to put them carefully away in the back of the shelves, fully intending to be thrifty later when they were invariably discovered as a mass of mould by the disgusted S.M.M. I found that the only cure was to keep the dishes in the immediate foreground where they were in plain sight every time the door was opened. If you cook oatmeal you've probably had the experience of one member of the family occasionally at the last moment deciding he simply must have a cold cereal for breakfast. And there you are with one portion of oatmeal on your hands. In that case, how about having some oatmeal muffins for lunch—or some oatmeal soup for dinner? Both good, both easy to make, both pleasantly economical, if that happens to interest you. Oatmeal Muffins: 1 cup cooked oatmeal; 1 1/2 cups flour; 2 tbsp. sugar; 4 tsp. baking powder; 1/2 tsp. salt; 1/2 cup milk; 1 egg, well beaten; 2 tbsp. melted butter. Add oatmeal to milk and egg. Mix dry ingredients and combine. Bake in moderate oven. . . . If you have less than a cup of oatmeal to dispose of you might try it in this oatmeal soup: 3/4 cup cooked oatmeal; 4 cups water; 2 tbsp. chopped onion; 2 tsp. salt; 1 cup tomato juice. Simmer slowly.

I forgot to give credit last week to the firm which has published that interesting book, "Early California Hospitality" by Ana Bégue Packman. It is the Arthur H. Clark Company of Glendale, California.

—CONSTANT EATER

Bubbles Hampton, with her mother, Mrs. Charles C. Hampton, have been spending some time in Marysville visiting an aunt, Miss Cecile Hampton, and Miss Bessie Stanwood.

Kroeger To Talk On Civil Service

Men and women interested in the civil service of this State will have the opportunity next Tuesday of hearing Louis Kroeger of the State Personnel Board speak on that subject.

Mr. Kroeger will be the speaker at the monthly luncheon meeting of the League of Women Voters at Pine Inn Tuesday, February 22. Although Miss Lydia Weld, president of the League, has tried to get in touch with many of the leading business and political men and women of the community, she has been unable to telephone everyone and wishes it made clear that anyone who is interested is welcome. If you would like to come to the luncheon, telephone Pine Inn and make your reservation. Luncheon will be set at 11:45 and is 65 cents. If you wish only to hear the talk, come in and find a seat at a little before 1 o'clock.

On February 21 at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a general discussion group will get together at the home of Mrs. C. A. T. Cabaniss. Mrs. Cabaniss lives in the Country Club section and if you don't know how to get there, better ask the gatekeeper before you get lost in the wilds of that region. Discussions headed up by the various section chairmen will take place, aimed at better acquainting the membership with the studies and activities of the League. This will be a vital meeting and all members are urged to come.

P-T.A. Observes Anniversary

Sunset Parent-Teacher Association met Tuesday afternoon at Sunset School to observe the forty-first year of the founding of the association. The regular business meeting, during which Florence Morrow, the school nurse, gave the yearly health report and asked for another cot for the use of the children, was followed by a short talk by Mrs. E. Frederick Smith.

Mrs. Smith's subject was "Forty-One Years of Service." She told how the association was founded, the different presidents of the organization and what they contributed to it, the purposes and fine things it has done. The founders of the association had such wonderful ideals, firm objectives and they built so well that nothing has been changed except the name. Mrs. Smith told her audience that in the 41 years of its life, the organization has grown to be the largest and most efficient in the world. In 1927 the membership had passed the first million mark, but in the next ten years it went over the second million. Carmel is third in the district in point of membership.

Mrs. Smith's talk was followed by a program given by the following pupils: Charlotte Dawson, Joan Dekker, Barbara Josselyn, Alice Morehouse, Janet Strasburger, Nancy Lee Watson, Barbara Timmins, Ruth Townsend, Gail Frates, Douglas Calley, Elinor Smith, Laurel Bixler, Margot Coffin, Kenneth Jones, Louis Machado and the seventh and eighth grade girls.

SECOND BACH REHEARSAL TO BE HELD SUNDAY

The second Bach Festival rehearsal will be held this Sunday, February 20, in the Denny-Watrous studio on Dolores street between First and Second instead of at Sunset School because it is warmer at the studio. The chorus rehearses at 3 p.m. and the orchestra at 8 p.m.

Intercollegiate Golf Championship Play Starts at Pebble Beach Today

The qualifying round and first round of match play in the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate golf championship will be played at Pebble Beach today, with the best of the Coast's younger links stars competing.

Roger Kelly of Loyola, who also is state amateur champion, will be defending his title which he won last year when he defeated the medalist, Jack Wallace, of Stanford, in the finals.

Wallace again will be on hand, playing for the Redshirts.

Leading the Stanford entry will be Art Doering, low amateur in the recent San Francisco match play tournament and acknowledged the most promising young star in the state. Doering was one of six men named to the 1936 All-Collegiate team. He was ineligible for competition last year when he transferred from Colorado.

Brown Cannon, another Colorado Stanfordite entered, was Denver City champion, Rocky Mountain champion, Colorado junior title, Denver Invitational winner and low amateur in last year's Nebraska Open.

Also playing for Stanford will be Jimmy Rea, 1936 runner-up in the state amateur, and Alan Hyman, a semi-finalist in last year's tourney.

Carl Jonson of Washington and Bob McGlashan of U.S.F. are two other young players given good chances to take the title.

Sylvester Stimac, Ed Oliver, Leonard Thrasher and Fletcher Jones make up California's entry. Four have been entered from U.C. L.A. Players also will represent U.S.C., St. Mary's, Santa Clara, Oregon, Oregon State, Pomona and several junior colleges.

Second and third rounds of match play for what is left of the

championship flight of 16 will be played tomorrow. The 36-hole final is scheduled for Sunday.

Admission is free.

+ + +

Arthur G. Pitkethley left this week for Los Gatos and San Francisco where he will interview psychiatrists concerning his contemplated school here.

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Jessie B. Rittenhouse, in Carmel, Talks with Lynda Sargent

Her first newspaper interview was with Susan B. Anthony. She was a country girl just in from the farm in the Genesee Valley and that day there seemed to be nothing but panic inside her. Miss Anthony received her with regal gentleness, dressed in black silk and lace, stately to a degree. After she had chatted on for a time there came the inevitable pause when a newspaper woman must use up one of her vastly intelligent questions. "Have you ever been in love, Miss Anthony?" she heard herself say. "Bless you, child, a thousand times," Miss Anthony laughed. "Well," stammered little Jessie Rittenhouse, "There's safety in numbers." And fled.

Miss Rittenhouse is at La Playa, writing a second volume of personal memories and memories of the poets, to follow her first, "My House of Life." Since Carmel can justly claim her in part as its own—she was married to Clinton Scollard at Pine Inn in 1924—there is little need here to catalogue all the many claims to distinction possessed by this remarkable, small woman. She was one of the first, if not the first, to bring to the attention of America a serious and sensitive appreciation of its contemporary poets; one of the chief founders of the Poetry Society of America; a favorite lecturer up and down and across our whole land; compiler of some of our best anthologies of verse; and most especially a poet in her own right. With her intimate knowledge and careful judgment, Miss Rittenhouse stands in American literary life as an open doorway to the shining world of the living and the only-just-dead poets. She has known them all, big and little, and in her own voice and manner and verse, added to her original genius, are echoes of all their lyric and the rhythms of vitality itself. Poised and harmonious, greatly possessed of that dynamic which makes a moment a meaning.

We spoke at length of life in the country, both of us having grown up bewildered farm girls. "If you are identified with the country when you are young, have your feeling down in the soil, then it gives you forever a richness, a poise not shared by those less fortunate." Since I know quite well, also, the house in Kent, Connecticut, where she and her husband were so happy, I claim her for New England, also. That house is gone now, but the small but adequate shadow of Mt. Schaghticoke in the Berkshires still stands, and the sound of the three waterfalls still utter their eternal and variant scansions in the memory of the poet. However, since she makes her home now in Winter Park, Florida, where she lectures at Rollins College, is President of the Poetry Society of Florida—which she also founded—and does dozens of other things, I think we must wipe out these nonsensical geographic boundaries and put her down as ambassador at large for all of us who go keening after the singers of songs.

I have always contended that no generation has been more and none less fortunate in all history than those of us who came to maturity before 1914 and have survived the terrible peace. Miss Rittenhouse, in speaking of the poetry of this time, bears out the contention. Newly adult at the time of the war, she encountered a world in which Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell and Edna St. Vincent Millay were just coming to their growth. How she glows to recall it! What treasure to have been a part of it; one of them! But now the dreadful

A GHOST IN CARMEL (To GEORGE STERLING)

And was it he who paused this hour
Looking across the dune,
Seeing wild lilac break in flower,
Hearing the ocean's rune?

And was it he who stood at rest
Where cream-cups scatter in foam,
Seeing the fecund valley's breast
Fresh with the new-turned loam?

And was it he who heard the surge
Breaking virile and strong
And in its undertone a dirge
To which he listened long?

—JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

MARY AUSTIN AT CARMEL

An elemental thing
At one with earth and sea—
A puny term to name
You fittingly!

You were a stringent soul,
Your words were strict and few.
Did any call you friend?
Why, then—he knew!

But when you praised, your words
Came with a shivering shock,
As if pure water burst
From riven rock.

These woods and shining shores
Still seem to me your own—
Once they were near to you
As flesh and bone.

—JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

peace has brought its Hitler, its Stalin, its pursuance of boundary lines as against lines of love and song; its fierce, embattled sterility. America has no young poets of assuring stature. Since T. S. Eliot, the defeatists have had their way.

Then, whether you ask it aloud or not, there stands the query, Tomorrow? To which she replies from Witter Bynner:

"The wisdom underfoot
Dies in the bloody fields,
Slowly the endless root
Gathers again and yields."

A new volume of her own verse, as yet untitled, is in the hands of her publishers. Many of the lyrics have been written in Carmel, to which she has come running from the press of friends and jobs in Winter Park. She says it's getting so cultured down there that all they can do is sit around and listen to each other lecture. Two of these poems are on this page of THE CYMBAL.

Miss Rittenhouse first came to Carmel at the instigation of her dear friends, George Sterling and Mary Austin. In warning her about the place, Miss Austin said perhaps the most accurate thing ever uttered about our village. "You will find Carmel," she said, "the one place that you can't tell the truth about without lying."

I have said, and I say, there is a new world born to us daily. One day brings the long green winds across the dunes; another a carpet

of violets all over a hill. Only now and then this lyric takes human form, breathes air, reminds us by a presence that we must make haste to look to our own song, lest it go untuneful. Is there a greater function of the artist than to create you artist, too?

And just to show that life can be cunning, in the way of children who save the frosting of their cake till the last, Miss Rittenhouse has yet to meet a poet she thinks among the greatest, Robinson Jeffers.

—LYNDA SARGENT

UNIVERSITY WOMEN HEAR ARMIN HANSEN

Following its regular business meeting elsewhere, the Monterey Peninsula branch of the American Association of University Women met at the Carmel Art Gallery to hear Armin Hansen speak on "The Art of Etching."

Every member of the organization was present to hear Hansen give a very clear talk, which he illustrated with all the materials in etcher uses. He also told a little of his career as an etcher. Janie Otto, curator of the Gallery, showed about twenty-five prints of Hansen's to the group.

Following the lecture, coffee and doughnuts were served.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Thomas, from Seattle, who are touring the country, dropped into Carmel over the week-end to see Adrienne Lillo.

City Cash Scarce

some of which are no good.

But you can't extract thought of the audit amount from this year's possible expenditures, because it is that little item which exemplifies this spending habit on the part of the council. It just happened that this past year it went utterly haywire on an audit. It is nothing if not an indication that this year it will go haywire on something else.

However, there has been nothing inconsistent about the wild way the present city council has been throwing money around, unless it be inconsistent with commonsense. It is, in fact, consistent and persistent, and there is every indication it will go on.

Municipally we'll be going around in rage in another six months.

+ + +

ART HILBERT LEFT MANY CARMEL FRIENDS

Having gladly known Art Hil-

bert we on THE CYMBAL regret our failure last week to express our sorrow at his death. He died a week ago Saturday morning at the Monterey Hospital after many weeks of illness in which he suffered distressingly. Funeral services were held the following Tuesday morning at the Paul Chapel in Pacific Grove.

Art Hilbert had come to know many people in Carmel during his ten years of residence here and all those who knew him liked him immensely. He took a deep interest in amateur sports and a part in them. As a business he was a driver for the Associated Oil Company and his business relations brought him friendship.

She who mourns his loss the deepest, we have known for many years. Merle Coffey was a glamorously beautiful high school girl to us 12 years ago. Today we and her many friends extend our deep sympathy to her and her son, Arthur Hilbert, 7 years old.

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Anderson Play Reading Done Beautifully

Any unpleasant impression left by Emma Knox and Baldwin McGaw at their January reading, because of confusion of characterization, was entirely removed Saturday night by the glorious, simplified performance of "Wingless Victory" by Maxwell Anderson.

The heavy burden of the play was carried by Emma Knox, who was superb in the role of Oparre, a Malay princess and wife of Nathaniel McQueston, which Baldwin McGaw interpreted expertly. It still seems completely incredible that the McGaws can change from one character to another with such ease, and with no breaks. When even one character role is hard enough for an actor, to carry three or four during a play seems nothing less than magic. In the reading Saturday night both Emma Knox and Baldwin McGaw were shining examples of magicians.

The climax of the play was reached at the end of the second act when Emma Knox, who had been a submissive wife and a gentle member of the bigoted New England family, who were violently opposed to this black wife Nathaniel had brought back, really goes native and turns into a raging fury showing her primitive instincts. Although the scenes in the ship's cabin which followed were definitely anti-climaxes, Emma Knox carried them with a surprising amount of fire, making many people fish around for their handkerchiefs. Baldwin McGaw had no part in these scenes, even though he managed his parts well. It would have been interesting to see the two scenes alone without the rest of the play. They would have made an emotional and striking bit. This play was the most outstanding thing the McGaws have done in Carmel, and the kind of a play that could have been ruined by a few trifling details of inflection of the voice or gestures, but the details were perfect.

The next and last reading will take place April 9, and the play has not been announced yet. —S. F.

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Milstein Will Be Here On March 2

Shortly following Uday Shankar, Nathan Milstein will present the third program of the winter season of the Carmel Music Society, on the evening of Wednesday, March 2. The return engagement of the violinist is in response to the



overwhelming demand of the public who gave him an ovation at his appearance here a year ago.

Although he has toured America each year since his debut here ten years ago, each successive season has popularity. Following his latest rebrought him greater acclaim and vital in New York, the New York Evening Journal declared:

"A greater violinist than ever before. He now takes his place in the front row of the violinists of this generation. He is a born virtuoso, yet a most serious artist, playing with intensity of feeling and the most profound reverence for the music's message. His concert was a noteworthy success."

+ + +

Valentine Dance At Mission Club Is Big Hit

Dancing 'til two 'midst thousands and thousands of hearts was the happy fate of the 90 people who attended the Valentine Supper Dance at the Mission Ranch Club last Saturday night.

The decorations were really something to rave about. The guests entered the dance hall through a huge heart with white frills around it and the windows were covered with large hearts also lace-edged. Little hearts, fastened on red crepe paper, were strung thickly from the rafters, making a false roof, and the buffet supper, which was served at midnight, was obtained through an immense torn heart. The Mission Ranch Club orchestra, under the direction of David Eldridge, was hidden behind another large heart and the tables were covered with red tablecloths and decorated with white stock. The whole room, which was done by David Eldridge and his assistants, was an artistic achievement.

The Howell movement was played at the Duplicate Bridge tournament at the Club on Monday night and was liked so well that it will be continued hereafter. The high scores were won by Mrs. Ray Brownell and Mrs. John Mac-Willie.

+ + +

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen W. Downey, of Sacramento, and their two daughters, Wendy, a student of Miss Branson's school at Ross, and Tink, spent the week-end in Carmel and have again taken the Wolf cottage on San Antonio for the summer.

White Caps On Radio Waves

KGO—Today from 12:45 to 1:30, Commonwealth Club. A lecture program of high standard by authoritative speakers.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning from 8 to 9 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

KGO—Tomorrow morning from 10:55 to 2 o'clock. Grand opera from the Metropolitan Opera House.

KPO—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8:30 o'clock. NBC Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini conducting.

KDON—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8:15. Symphony Orchestra.

KGO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10:30. Radio City Concert.

KPO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10 o'clock. University of Chicago Round Table. Interesting discussion on timely topics.

KDON—Sunday morning from 10:30 to 11. Gotham String Quartet.

KSFO—Sunday morning from 11 to 11:30. Boris Morros String Quartet.

KGO—Sunday morning from 11 to 12 noon. Magic Key.

KSFO—Sunday from 12 noon to 2. New York Philharmonic. John Barbirolli conducting.

KHUB—Sunday afternoon at 2. Symphony records.

KGO—Sunday afternoon from 2 to 2:30 o'clock. Metropolitan Opera auditions.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 3 to 3:30. California Piano Quartet.

KPO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6. Edgar Bergen, etc.

KSFO—Monday afternoon from 12:15 to 12:30. Coolidge String Quartet. Beethoven Series.

KGO—Sunday afternoon from 5:30 to 6. California Concert.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 6 to 7 o'clock. Sunday Evening Hour.

KSFO—Monday from 12:15 to 12:30. Coolidge String Quartet. Beethoven Series.

KGO—Monday evening from 6 to 7 o'clock. Philadelphia Orchestra. Eugene Ormandy conducting.

KSFO—Tuesday afternoon from 4:30 to 5. Actor's Guild program.

KFRC—Tuesday evening from 7:30 to 8. Symphonic Strings.

KDON—Lial's Music Shop. Symphony records. Wednesdays 9:15 to 9:45 p.m.

KGO—Wednesday evening from 9:30 to 10 o'clock. "Busman's Holiday," a round table discussion of recognized western critics of the arts.

KPO—Thursday evening from 8:15 to 9:15. Standard Symphony Hour.

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The following new and recent books are available at the Harrison Memorial Library. Anyone living in Monterey County, as well as within the city limits of Carmel, may borrow these books:

Altrocchi, *Snow Covered Wagons*; Behrendt, *Modern Building*; Gifford, *Free Speech—the Stammerer's Right*; Glyn, *Romantic Adventure*; Goldsmith, *Friday—no Monday Gardening*; Gray, *Advancing Front of Science*; Guptill, *Sketching as a Hobby*.

Hagedorn, *Brookings; a Biography*; Hall, *Historic Spots in California*; Leacock, *Funny Pieces*; Lockrey, *Plastics in the Home Workshop*; Lundberg, *America's 60 Families*; Lutz, *Practical Course in Memory Drawing*; MacLeish, *The Fall of the City*; Mortensen, *Pictorial Lighting*; Mortensen, *Projection Control*; Patterson, *Week-end Gardening*.

Purvis, *American Agent*; Roberts, *Stanley Baldwin*; Sanderson, *Animal Treasure*; Sargent, *Trees of North America*; Schrenkeisen, *Fishing for Salmon and Trout*; Sitwell, *Conversation Pieces*; Swinerton, *Autobiography*; Wells, *The Rest of My Life*; Winther, *Express and Stagecoach Days in California*.

+ + +

MADELINE CURREY CALLED HOME BY FATHER'S DEATH

Madeleine Currey, director of music at Sunset School for the past nine years, was called to San Rafael last week by the sudden death of her father, Robert J. Currey. Miss Currey, who will return to Carmel Tuesday, and her mother, Mrs. Olivia Currey, are the surviving members of the family.

CARMEL DELEGATES GOING TO CHURCHMAN CONVENTION

The third annual convention of the House of Young Churchmen, Episcopal organization of all the young people in the Diocese of California, will be held this Saturday and Sunday at Grace Cathedral, San Francisco. Delegates from All Saints' Church, Carmel, are Joe McEldowney, Howard Levinson, Gordon Ewig, Mary Jane Uzell and Irene Wilson. Alternates will be Joyce Uzell, Jerry Lamb, Jane and Anne Millis. The Rev. C. J. Hulsewé, who is one of the four Advisors to the National Federation of Episcopal Young People, will be one of the speakers on Saturday afternoon's program.

+ + +

COLE WESTON TO APPEAR IN GALSWORTHY PLAY

Cole Weston, son of Edward Weston, who is at present enrolled in the theatre and dramatic departments at the Cornish School in Seattle, Washington, will be seen in his first performance on February 17, 18 and 19. The play of John Galsworthy, "Escape," will be given in conjunction with the northwest regional meeting of the National Theatres Conference at this time.

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Gale's Art Exhibit And Talk Prove Drawing Card

About 50 people gathered in the sixth grade classroom at Sunset School Monday night to view the examples of modern art from the San Francisco Museum of Art and to hear R. J. Gale's discussion accompanying them.

The showing held many examples of modern art ranging from the classic and traditional through the academic and romantic and on to the realistic and abstract. American modern painting was well represented and gave a good account of itself when compared with paintings from other national groups—English, French, Russian and German.

Three outstanding examples of what modern art seeks to express W. Burchfield's "Promenade," were the very-American Charles Utrillo's "Village Street" and Maurice Sterne's "Plum Girl." A charming example of painting in the romantic manner was Louis Eilsheim's "West Point." The two paintings which drew the most attention from those present were "The Blue Horse" by Franz Marc and "The Cornfield" by the English artist, John Nash.

Gale's lecture dealt principally with the history and present activity in American painting. He used examples of the work of Gilbert Stuart, many Currier and Ives prints and copies of Sargent, Whistler, Winslow Homer, George Bellows and Abbott H. Thayer.

An interesting by-product of these exhibitions and discussions has been the interest of Sunset School children, some 60 of whom have taken "time out" from recess, noon and after-school periods to look at the paintings and ask questions concerning them. Their favorite painting in the "Painting of Our Times" exhibit was Franz Marc's "The Blue Horse."

The fourth of these meetings will be on Monday evening, March 7.

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Our Boy Scouts Get Hike Up To Snow

A day of real winter weather and sports was enjoyed last Sunday by Troop 39, Carmel Boy Scouts, in their first all-troop hike of the year. The trip was made in cars to the top of the Pine Canyon grade. From there the boys hiked up to the snow, the first patches of which were encountered about half-way to the summit. Snow fights became the order of the day. Some of the scouts found an old sled, which was put to good use on the snowy slopes. Lunch was eaten in the protection of some friendly oaks, which sheltered the diners from the icy blasts sweeping over the mountain. With the temperature hovering just above freezing, and a new storm sweeping in from the ocean and pelting the hikers with cold shafts of sleet, hail and rain, a record descent was made early in the afternoon to the cars for the return trip home. The scouts making the trip were Donald Berry, Hugh Evans, Halbert Moller, Charles and Bob Gansel, George Gosler, Gordon Miyamoto, John Todd, Vincent Torres, and Richard and Russell McKnight piloted by Scoutmaster Walter Kellogg and Assistant Scoutmaster Fremont Ballou.

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Jack and Judy Gilbert have just returned from a trip to Death Valley.

Carmel Players Stage High Jinks In Demonstration of Their Work

It was loads of fun, in fact so much so that no one wanted to go to their respective homes after the general meeting of the Carmel Players held Monday night at the Film-arts Theatre.

Of course, there was a business meeting before the various branches of the Players had a chance to show what they had accomplished since the last meeting. It was presided over by Frank Townsend with Margaret Lang acting as secretary in the absence of Ted Leidig. The treasury report given by Eugene A. H. Watson sounded most encouraging and untheatrical, because of the fact that, even after royalties for the three plays have been paid, the Players will have money in the bank.

Then the matter of radio was taken up. John Eaton and his radio group, of which you can be a member if you are radio-minded, will give their first play over KDON February 21, and the play is one written by Chick McCarthy, called "The New Cop."

A theory that sets can be, or are to be, or have been worked out by dolls has been introduced by Eleanor Irwin and her group of doll makers. The present crop were Egyptians, very intriguing, well-dressed people about nine inches tall. Eleanor certainly knows clothes and dolls and her work is way out of the amateur class.

Bringing down the house, Dorothy Comingore and Bob Meltzer presented a blackout done in a distinctly Russian manner and entitled something like "Ain't I Got No Friends of My Own?" We can't

tell you about it because it has to be seen to be appreciated.

A dramatic skit, "November 11," written by Frances Bacon, was enacted by Dick Carter, Leonard Cosky and John Goode. The play was directed by Charlie Van Riper and Hal Gates, and was only rehearsed twice. It was well-written and well-acted.

The lines and the drama were improvised in a skit managed by W. W. Wheeler, who compared himself to the dude who had never ridden a horse so was given a horse to ride which had never been ridden. The results of the ride and the results of the skit were, undoubtedly, the same. C. W. Lee, a new director of the Carmel Players, stropped a razor to shave the face of Napoleon during the entire first scene. Loudly and emphatically disliking him, when the emperor appeared in the person of Guy Koepf, the stropper was so impressed (as well he might be) that he forgot his dislike and started praising Napoleon. Confused? We were too, but we were amused and entertained. Eleanor Morehead, Adrienne Lillico, Clay Otto and Bill Irwin were other members of the cast. Their accents, instead of being French, were either German or Swedish, and the trucking at the end of the skit didn't seem very Napoleonic, but it was all good fun.

The meeting concluded with a class in body control by Ruth Austin behind closed curtains on the stage. About 50 people took advantage of the opportunity offered them by this class.

—S. F.

Pupil Writes Of Talbot Lecture

Following is a report on a lecture given by Dr. E. Guy Talbot on peace, at the Sunset School. This report was written by a seventh-grade student.

WORLD FRIENDSHIP

An inspiring talk on world friendship was given before the Student Body of the Sunset School by Dr. E. Guy Talbot on Monday afternoon, February 14. Dr. Talbot has traveled all over the world. He has proved to himself and many others that America is not the most hated nation in the world, as some people say, but the most loved. Dr. Talbot gave us a message from the boys and girls of Japan and China. Japanese children asked him to tell the boys and girls of America, "We never want a war with America." They begged him to tell us that. Chinese children now in the time of war would ask for help. Not to go with guns to kill and destroy Japanese. No! They ask for medicine, bandages, food, and clothing for the wounded and those who have lost everything.

"Most nations are very friendly toward America," Dr. Talbot said. We of America helped these nations such as China, Japan, Belgium, and many others when they needed help. America gave them money for food, when they had famines, or helped them out in time of floods. The people of these countries are very grateful to America.

Dr. Talbot told many interesting things about the Hawaiian Islands. The boys and girls of the Hawaiian Islands respect our flag and are more loyal than any other place in the United States. Dr. Talbot has been to these countries

and is truthful in his statements. We, of Sunset School, wish to say that we never want a war with Japan or any other country. America wants to be friendly with all.

—ERLINE THOMPSON

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CHESS PLAYERS INVITED TO JOIN WOMEN'S GROUP

Hester Schoeninger wants us to say that if you're a woman and like to play chess, play it some, or would like to, you are invited to drop in on the Carmel Woman's Chess Club any Thursday night at the American Legion Clubhouse on Dolores street. She also says that if you're a man and don't think yourself up to mixing with Paul Whitman's bunch at the clubhouse on Wednesday night, or would like to practice up to that enviable situation, you are invited to join in on the women's weekly session. It occurred to us to remark to Hester that the point might or might not be well taken—we have seen some men tennis players on the opposite side of the net from Helen Wills.

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RUTH AUSTIN GOING AWAY FOR MORE DANCE STUDY

Ruth Austin, who has taught many people to dance, some of them against all their own efforts to the contrary, and others who couldn't help dancing if they tried, herself is everlastingly endeavoring to learn more about the art she teaches. In the course of this eternal pursuit of Ruth's, she is going up to San Francisco next month and work under Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, whose modern school is attracting such wide attention. Humphrey and Weidman are giving a course at the University of California as well. Ruth will be in San Francisco from March 7 to 12.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS are positively vital little things.

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Awards to members of this year's Sunset School basketball were presented at the Student Body meeting held in the school auditorium Friday, February 11. Block S awards were given to Dick Whitmer, Jack Leidig and Bob Gansel. Stars were given to Donald Morton and Peter Thatcher. Lightweight players receiving block S were Gordy Miyamoto, Baird Bardarson, Bob Owen, Alan Cobbe, Bob Morton, Jim Reichert, Dick Pelton, Bill Plein and John Todd. Stars were earned by Kenneth Jones and Gordy Miyamoto.

A large number of this year's varsity players will be on hand for the season next year, according to Arthur C. Hull, Sunset School coach.

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Sunset baseball is under way again, after time out on account of rainy weather and muddy fields. League standing to date is as follows:

Teams	Won	Lost
Sluggers	3	0
Cougars	3	1
Ramblers	3	1
Maulers	1	3
Panthers	0	3
Wolves	0	2

Games scheduled for February 16 are Cougars vs. Sluggers and Panthers vs. Maulers. On February 23, Wolves vs. Panthers. Championship games will be played after all postponed contests have been played off.

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The two food classes at Sunset School will visit a local butcher shop this next week, where they will see a demonstration of the correct way to cut meats, and be shown common cuts so that they will be able to recognize them. This is part of the course in "household management" which is being added to the study of foods by Mrs. Helen Poulsen, Foods teacher.

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Washington's birthday will be observed by a two-day holiday at

Sunset School next week. The pupils will not have to go to school on Monday or Tuesday.

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D. H. CLARK, SHELL MANAGER, AWARDED SAFETY HONOR

D. H. Clark, the genial and efficient Shell Oil company manager in this particular district, was given a five-year gold pin as a safety award by L. S. Hanicker, operation manager of the San Francisco Division of the company, at its annual safety meeting held last Thursday at the Shell offices in Seaside.

It appears that Clark has a clean record for the operation of Shell Oil equipment over the five-year period. Others in this district given awards are A. B. White, four-year silver medal; John Riecks, four-year silver medal and cap emblem; Mark L. Wilson, seven-year medal and cap emblem, and J. K. Whittlesey, one-year medal and cap emblem.

Hanicker told the assembled employees that for the first six weeks of 1938 there had been no accidents in the San Francisco division of the Shell Oil company, which extends from San Francisco to King City.

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Mrs. Robinson Jeffers Tells 'Cymbal' What She Thinks of Quarantine; We Tell Her What We Think

To the Editor of
THE CARMEL CYMBAL:

I have just dispatched a reproachful letter to the Pine Cone about their obstructive views on the present dog quarantine. Now I look again at your last issue and the jibes of one of your columnists at the dog-catchers seem to indicate that you are agreeing with your rival. Have you ever owned a dog who contracted rabies? Have you ever heard described the symptoms of a human being dying of hydrophobia? I have, to both questions, and I ask you—or your columnist, if he really disbelieves in these mild preventive measures—to read the article "Hydrophobia" in Encyclopaedia Britannica. You know what an important role dogs play in every normal English household. See above article on the measures the British government took to stamp out the disease, and they accomplished it!

Sincerely
UNA JEFFERS

Dear Mrs. Jeffers:

Thanks for your letter. It's a journalistic thanks, too. Because half an hour before receiving it I was juggling around in my mind facts I had just learned about this quarantine business. I was trying to figure out how I had best handle them with the aim of getting them most effectively over to the Carmel public. Your letter settles my problem. If you don't mind, I will hang on your letter with avidity and gratitude what I have to say.

In the first place I must let you know that I agree with you; that THE CYMBAL agrees with you. THE CYMBAL does not pretend to hold with everything any or all of its contributing columnists have to say, any more than it agrees with what many of its "To the editor" correspondents set forth in their letters.

But we do take this quarantine business seriously, just as we are compelled to take hydrophobia seriously. We know that it's an annoyance to dog owners and dog lovers. There's many a man and woman in Carmel who would do murder for his or her dog. It has been recorded where some have threatened it. And I personally have certain lethal feelings toward certain human beings that prompt my decision in favor of a dog if fate must choose between the two. I feel that one or two otherwise intelligent persons entertain the same attitude toward me.

But in this rabies and hydrophobia business we cannot be certain that the blow will fall intelligently and with discrimination. Epidemics are no respecters of persons. Especially are dog bites no such respecters. And I happen to know that there are on the Monterey Peninsula this very day 18 human beings under treatment after having been bitten by dogs known to have been affected with rabies.

I know, too, that of the four dogs which have recently been suspected

of rabies, killed, and proved positive cases, one of them (the most recent case) bit five other dogs in the Seventeen-Mile-Drive territory near Carmel, as well as four human beings.

And I know, also, that only this very day, shortly before I received your letter, a certain veterinary in Monterey called the Humane Society to take a dog from his place, a dog which he strongly suspected of having rabies. And that dog came from "over the hill" which, in Monterey parlance, means, of course, Carmel.

And the present rabies scare is not a figment of the imagination of the Monterey County board of health, either. Those who think so, might investigate other parts of the state. They will find that there are at present rabies quarantines in Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Fresno and San Jose. It is strongly suspected that the rabies discovered on the Monterey Peninsula came here from Fresno.

So, it is the whole state which is concerned in this matter, and while Carmel has a right to feel itself superior to other parts of California, intellectually, esthetically, perhaps even morally, superiority hasn't any special elasticity in its legs for leaping away from the teeth of a dog.

Epidemics are not pleasant things to have. In many instances, such as the present one, preventive efforts are not pleasant. Some of us feel more distressed about the present preventive efforts which mean confining our dogs, than we would if the necessity was confining us. But there is nothing we can do about it. We just have to be sure. You can't fool around with this thing. Intense love for a dog should not rob us of sensible, sane apprehension.

Sincerely
—W. K. BASSETT

MISSION PARISH TO GIVE CARD PARTY THURSDAY

The Carmel Mission Parish committee will sponsor a card party at Pine Inn Thursday evening, February 24. Several attractive prizes have been obtained by the members, and they hope to make this one of the most successful affairs of the year. Those working on the committee are the Rev. Michael O'Connell, Commander J. A. Murphy, Mrs. Mary Reardon, Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper, Bernard Wetzel, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Peter R. Rice and Mrs. Willard McGraw.

Mrs. Arthur Elston and daughter, Tiki, now living in Berkeley, were here for a few days this week to view the damage done to their house on Lincoln and Third during the recent storm.

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The Carmel Cymbal

"Cradle Song" Rehearsals Getting On

There have been many exciting developments along the "Cradle Song" line during the past week. The rehearsals are getting along nicely and the show is completely cast. However, the nicest thing is about the music. An organon will be installed at the Filmarte and E. Richard Wissmueller has been engaged to play for the performances February 24, 25, 26 and 27. Noel Sullivan is in charge of the music and will have it correct according to Catholic tradition.

Franklin Dixon and Col. Charles G. Lawrence have collected things hither and yon, and are constructing a unit set that can be adapted to any play by various combinations of arches, pylons, platforms and windows and doorways. It sounds like a marvellous idea even though confusing to the layman, but Chick McCarthy says it will work like a charm. More help is needed for the task of constructing the scenes and volunteers are being asked for.

Eleanor Irwin, who is in charge of the costumes, has already started on them, and from the way things look they are going to be very lovely.

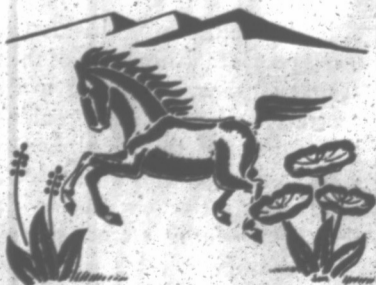
The cast is as follows: Sister Sagrario, Beverly Tait; Sister Marcella, Rosalie James; The Prioress, Connie Bell; Sister Joanna of the Cross, Flavia Flavin; Mistress of Novices, Marion Howes; The Vicar, Betty Bryant; Sister Toner, Edith Frisbie; Sister Inez, Wilma Bott; Sister Maria Jesus, Virginia Evans; the Doctor, Milton Latham; Teresa, Dorothy Comingore; Antonio, Ted Leidig; Sister Angelica, Kay Bate; Monitors and Nuns, Babette de Moe, Jean Glenn, Jessie Joan Brown, and Jacqueline Clark.

The complete cooperation of the churches has been given the Carmel Players for this performance and they are working together over the sale of tickets, which incidentally are going very fast.

Each Tuesday night John and Mitzi Eaton will offer a half hour of drama over KDON from 7:30 to 8. The plays will be written by Mitzi and the couple will compose the entire cast of characters. The play last Tuesday was "The Blue Tie" and they plan to do "The Coral Ship" next week. Unlike their series of last year, each play will be complete in itself.

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BREAKFAST
LUNCH AND
DINNER

BODLEY TO PREACH THIS SUNDAY ON "RELIGION WITH PERSPECTIVE"

"A Religion that Gives Perspective to Life," will be the theme of the morning service at the Community Church this Sunday at 11 o'clock. "A life without religion," says Mr. Bodley, "is like a picture without perspective. Most of us have a form of religion but it is so easily distorted and misdirected."

Announcement will be coming shortly of an enlarged program of junior activity including a Junior Church with a boys' and girls' choir which is already rehearsing.

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Dr. and Mrs. Philip De Garma, from Poughkeepsie, New York, who have been vacationing in Spindrift on The Point for the past month, left this week for Santa Barbara.

Robert S. Vance, the advertising manager for Holman's Department Store in Pacific Grove, was the speaker before the book section of the Carmel Woman's Club at its meeting Wednesday morning at Pine Inn. Vance, who has been in the advertising business for ten years and studied writing and art in school, spoke on "John Steinbeck, the Man and His Works."

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